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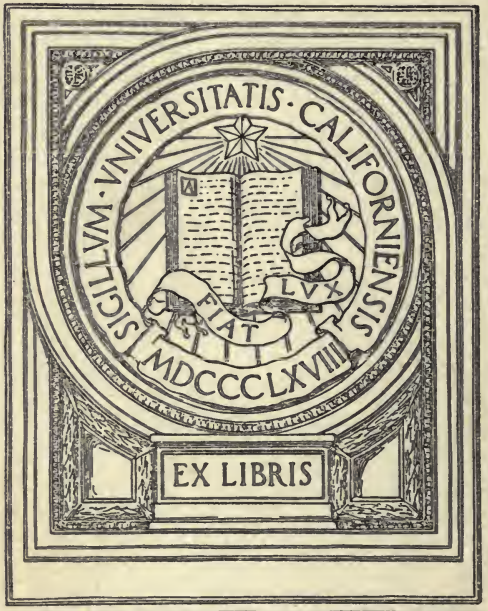

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THE

TRIAL OF SIR JASPER.

A TEMPERANCE TALE, IN VERSE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW; EDITOR OF 'THE ART-JOURNAL.'

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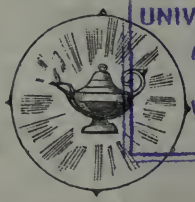

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AND

THE ARTS OF MANUFACTURE AND DESIGN.

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W. Cave Thomas.] [Dalziel Brothers.

THE

TRIAL OF SIR JASPER.

A TEMPERANCE TALE, IN VERSE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW; EDITOR OF 'THE ART-JOURNAL.'

'WOE UNTO HIM THAT GIVETH HIS NEIGHBOUR DRINK, THAT PUTTEST THY BOTTLE TO HIM, AND MAKEST HIM DRUNKEN.'—HABAKKUK.

"O THAT MEN SHOULD PUT AN ENEMY INTO THEIR MOUTHS TO STEAL AWAY THEIR BRAINS. . . . THAT WE SHOULD TRANSFORM OURSELVES INTO BEASTS. . . . . EVERY INORDINATE CUP IS UNBLESS'D, AND THE INGREDIENT IS A DEVIL."

SHAKSPERE.

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'Laws will not do the work which has to be done. We want men for that, and these men must see their work before they do it. Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see blazoned in the roll of English fame, *are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal*—OUR NATIONAL DRUNKENNESS?'

TIMES (*Leading Article*, 9th Aug., 1872).

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F. WENTWORTH.

'Drunkenness is the national vice, an inexcusable scandal, and a horrible evil; it produces improvidence, perpetual dependence, recklessness, degradation, and deliberate pauperism.'

TIMES (*Leading Article*, 12th May, 1873).

Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.] [W. Ballingall.

'Is it too late to save him? God, we pray
His Guardian Angel may not pass away.'

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Thomas Faed, R.A.] [Dalziel Brothers.

'Hungry and footsore, and without a bed:
Starving—yet dare not touch the meat and bread.'

CALIFORNI

I.

COME into Court, before the Eternal God!
Swear on His staff, and swear upon His rod!
Swear, infancy and manhood, age and youth!
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth!

Appear, Sir Jasper—Citizen and Knight.
Man render justice! God uphold the right!

He—THE DISTILLER—makes and vends the Gin!
Arraign him—as the chiefest Source of Sin.

A self-deluded fool is he who deems
The head is innocent that moves the hand.
A fount impure may taint a thousand streams.
The Devil did not *do* the work he plann'd.
He is the very worst of evil pests
Who fears to execute—and but suggests.

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He does not deal in driblets; never takes
  Pence from the wretch whose wretchedness he sees:
Wholesale he sells the poison; wholesale makes
  The poison; and grows fat on a disease:
    Sells to the greedy publican, who doles
The liquid fire in doses, large or small:
In pennies-worth or shillings-worth—that's all.
    Is *he* responsible for lives and souls?
Ay—guilt is his beyond the guilt of others
Who, by the assassin's knife, has slain his brothers.

II.

We ask—and have—the aid of ART, to show
  The height and depth of this—the Country's curse:
To tell, with emphasis, what all should know:
  For ART can give a living force to VERSE.
Here are the ARTIST-AIDS: impressive Teachers:
Social Reformers: high and holy Preachers,
  Whose painted sermons he who runs may read:
  Who speak the tongue of all Mankind, indeed.
Blessed be they who use God-given powers
  To till the soil—to plant the pregnant seed
That lends the moral desert fruit and flowers!

III.

Oyez! Oyez! ye witnesses appear!
Make way—and let Sir Jasper see and hear!

Whence come the WITNESSES? From filthy lairs;
From loathsome alleys; mews of lordly squares;
From fever hot-beds, where no skill avails;
From 'crowners' courts; from mad-houses; from jails;

A. Elmore, R.A.] [Dalziel Brothers.

'With memories black of many a bitter blow,
Dealt when the father's soul was dark with gin.'

P. R. Morris.] [G. P. Nicholls.

'These are the sisters, mothers, daughters, wives:
Hopeful—yet doubtful—all may not be spent.'

From hovels where mephitic vapour rests;
From pauper poor-houses—begrudgéd guests;
From dismal 'Homes' where Parish burdens lie
To sodden; where deserted children die.
From dreary haunts we shudder but to name—
Vile haunts of infamy, of sin and shame:
Where God is heard of only to blaspheme:
And Gin alone—foul Devil—reigns supreme.

From 'gay' Saloons they come, where cheats conspire:
Where shameless women show themselves for hire,
The Circes of the Attic, daubed with paint
To hide their physical and moral taint;
Where young men dance and laugh on Ruin's brink;
And ribald songs are stimulants to drink.

From 'Halls' where hoarse sedition-mongers spout,
And Bacchus revels with his rabble rout:
The fœtid dens where rules and triumphs Vice,
Where 'Commune' outcasts cog the mental dice:
Reeking with blood from yet unwashéd hands—
  The blood of good men, boasting they have spilt:
  Proud of their shame, and glorying in their guilt,
They bear their filthy froth to many lands.

Of all such evil men, the direst foe—
The dreaded most—is TEMPERANCE: *that* they know.

Alas! the Truth-recorder's duty traces
The WITNESSES to less degraded places:
To widely different 'Homes' the 'Drink' disgraces.

Giving a foretaste and forecast of Hell:
And those who vend the poison know it well!

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Birket Foster.] [J. D. Cooper.

'She is not in the street: beneath the trees,
That shade her girlhood-home, she sits.'

The blackbird sings its vesper hymn: the bees,
Laden with labour-fruitage, wing their way:
She hears the merry laugh of work at play:
'Tis the calm evening of a tranquil day.

Alas! her present with her past compare:
And see her pictured here—and pictured there!

VII.

That witness is an ARTIST! On his brow
Genius was seated; shame degrades it, now:
And self-reproach. Grand works within his brain
Dwindled to nothings but a shadowy train:
His great intendings—all—have come to nought;
All perished in the ruin he has wrought.
Giving to those who gave him love and thought
A grief of heart for premature decay
Of powers that might have won him wealth and fame,
And had already dignified his name.

Is it too late to save him? God, we pray
His Guardian Angel may not pass away.

VIII.

That witness is a SCHOLAR: one who stood
High in the college-books—of promise good.
Ten thousand devils haunt him, day and night;
Haunt him alike in darkness and in light.
Horrible fancies of all hideous things,
Of birds with crawling feet and dogs with wings;
The bread is yellow clay, the water ink;
A monster mixes mud-stuff with his drink;

The bones have left his limbs; his hair is flame
That burns its way into his very brain;
And shadows of a past—a ghastly train—
Buzz in his ears of future guilt and shame.
The wretched youth is mad!
Sir Jasper, look at him! for you have had
Few better customers than that lost lad:
In dissipation old: but young in years.
And though the poison-cup your agent gave
Was weakened somewhat by his mother's tears,
'Twas strong enough to drive him to his grave
In Bedlam——Ah! Sir Jasper sees and hears!

IX.

The Civil Guardians of our homes are true;
Forbearing and forethinking, courteous, steady;
In turmoils disciplined and firm and ready;
Their motto 'Duty'—they their duty do.

But, here and there, the Fiend finds victims still—
Victims the gin has moulded to his will;
Who shock the social faith, the public sense
Of right—destroying trust and confidence.

That scoundrel *beat a woman*, almost dead.
See her—the bandage round her bleeding head.
What answer has he? None! the 'man' is mute.
Treat him as you would treat no other brute;
Flog him: the hangman's lash alone can be
The fitting punishment for such as he!

Better—though sad—to picture him who meets
The miserable drunkard in the streets.

George Cruikshank.] [Dalziel Brothers.

'Ten thousand devils haunt him, day and night;
Haunt him alike in darkness and in light.'

Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A.] [G. P. Nicholls.

'A common incident of blighted life:
Mourn for the wretched sufferers—child and wife.'

'Tis but the usual story: every night
Revolting scenes, like this, may shock your sight:
A common incident of blighted life!
Mourn for the wretched sufferers—child and wife!

X.

Is he GOD'S MINISTER, who skulks along,
Humming the loose air of a tawdry song?
Nature herself sustains a sudden shock,
And drops a tear of pity—for his flock.
And yet he loathes the foe that conquers him;
Nay, sometimes with thick voice, eyes dull and dim,
And shaking hands that hold the book of prayer,
He prays to be delivered from the snare.
He prays, but does not pray with faith and trust;
And Resolution in the scale is dust.
He gave an oath to God to sin no more—
'Twas on his mother's grave that oath he swore.
  The chain has bound him in its iron links;
And idly, weakly, vainly, sliding back,
He crawls again into the beaten track;
  Resolves—and drinks; and re-resolves—and drinks.

What caused this Castaway to fall so low?
'Twas SOCIAL CUSTOM—an insidious foe
That saps the moral strength—then strikes the blow!

XI.

Of pictures that deface a printed page,
  Perhaps, the saddest and the darkest shows
    An OLD MAN staggering to a drunkard's grave;
Not in the frosty winter of his age.

And such is he who enters next, and knows
Himself a sneak, a reprobate, a knave.
The moral sense is dead : he does not shrink
From any shift, or trick, or crime, for drink.
See the degraded wretch we picture here :
He blights the corn before it reach the ear.
Yet he was once a gentleman—whose name
Was heralded among the heirs of fame.
See him : with gin his very soul is stained !
See him—see many such—whose wretchedness
Will make the Income Tax a penny less,
And swell the boasted 'SURPLUS.' Millions gained
For tens of millions lost. Where are they lost
If of such Incubi we count the cost?
Jails, hospitals, mad-houses—*they* know well,
And poor-houses o'er-crowded—*they* can tell.

Ask what the judges, doctors, jailers, think
The Nation gets—*and what it pays*—for drink?

XII.

One man, who bore an ancient, honoured, name,
Was called as witness ; but no answer came.
Even in that mingled crowd some wept, some sigh'd :
'Twas whisper'd, 'Dead ! by his own hand he died !'
He rests !—but that he *rests*, to think is hard—
In a dull corner of a bleak church-yard.
And there one helpless, aimless, woman keeps
A nightly watch above the man who died ;
Withered in heart, and without hope, she weeps
Over the lone grave of the SUICIDE.

John Tenniel.] [Batterworth & Heath.

'See the degraded wretch we picture here:
He blights the corn before it reach the ear.'

G. H. Boughton.] [Butterworth & Heath.

XIII.

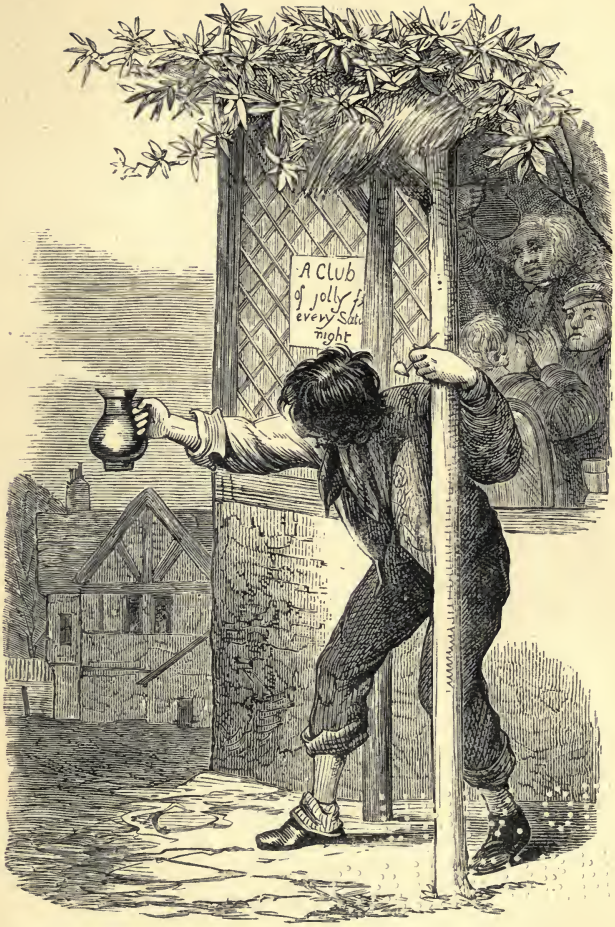
The MARINERS who guard our sea-girt coast
And bear our commerce through the world, in ships;
The SOLDIERS who have gained 'good conduct strips,'
Men who are, rightly, Britain's pride and boast;
Brave, honourable, faithful, loyal, just;
Entitled to their country's hope and trust.
(Let 'Balaclava' tell its marvellous story!
The 'Birkenhead' its tale of greater glory!)
No better men when sober: drunk, none worse,
When madden'd by the self-inflicted curse.
Two sad examples enter: both must die
When youth is full of promise—hope most high!
One shot his comrade, as he sat at rest,
The friend of all his friends he loved the best.
The other stabb'd his messmate on the deck,
His helper in the battle and the wreck.
They had no *prépense* malice—quarrels none:
They knew not what they did, until 'twas done!

XIV.

To lighten somewhat an oppressive load
Of grief and guilt that fills the heart with sadness,
Let us relate, by way of episode,
A story that will strike the chord of gladness.

GILES JONSON was a ploughman: well to do:
An honest, thriving, yeoman: *that* he knew:
'Till neighbours saw, and grieved to see, his fall:
When at 'The Grapes' he spent his wages—all:
And left his wife at home to starve—and think
How she could lay the HOME-CURSE-DEVIL, Drink!

See him ! he issues from the human sty
To tempt, by filthy lures, the passers by.
The artist paints him—lowest of the low :
Alas ! Giles Jonson ! 'twas not always so !
A ministering angel was that wife—
  Patient, enduring, hopeful, prayerful, good ;
Her husband was her very life of life ;
  And she withstood him, as a woman should,
By tender, yielding, fond, and winning, ways—
Ever a woman's weapons—when she prays.
He saw her often smile, but seldom weep,
Yet heard her words of sorrow in her sleep ;
And soon the cheek was pale, the eyes were dim :
He knew—he could not help but know—for him !
But the good Pastor quench'd the fatal fire :
And, Heaven-instructed, rais'd him from the mire.
One day he said—his hand upon her arm—
'I've taken it !' With horrified alarm
She questioned, 'Giles ! what have you taken ?' thinking
'Twas a more rapid poison he'd been drinking.
Hurrah ! thank God ! the devil, Drink, is laid !
And not in vain that faithful woman pray'd.
With joy and thankfulness of soul she wept
When Giles was pledged—and well the pledge he kept.
Again Giles Jonson was the 'well-to-do ;'
Again the thriving yeoman ; *that* he knew :
Proud of his honest work, his humble rank ;
Had money in his pockets and the bank.
And she, his good wife, wore a silken gown,
And in her hallowed pride walk'd through the town.



E. M. Ward, R.A.] [R. S. Marriott.

'The artist paints him—lowest of the low:
Alas! Giles Jonson! 'twas not always so!'

E. M. Ward, R.A.] [C. M. Jenkin.

'And let the artist draw his picture now:
Draw FARMER JONSON—home from *his own* plough!'

Passing, one day, the public-house again,
He saw the landlord standing at his door.
Giles limp'd along as if in grief and pain.
'What ails thee, Giles?' quoth landlord; with a sigh,
'I've got a lump here,' Jonson made reply,
Placing his hand upon his manly thigh.
'Come in,' said landlord, 'and I bet a crown
The lump that troubles thee I'll bring it down.'
'I know thou wouldst,' said Giles, and gave a jump
Full of the vigour of the days of old.
He turn'd to leave the now abhorréd place
And from his pocket drew a purse of gold,
Laugh'd, as he shook it in the landlord's face,
And said, 'FOR THAT'S THE LUMP!'

And let the artist draw his picture now:
Draw FARMER Jonson—home from *his own* plough!

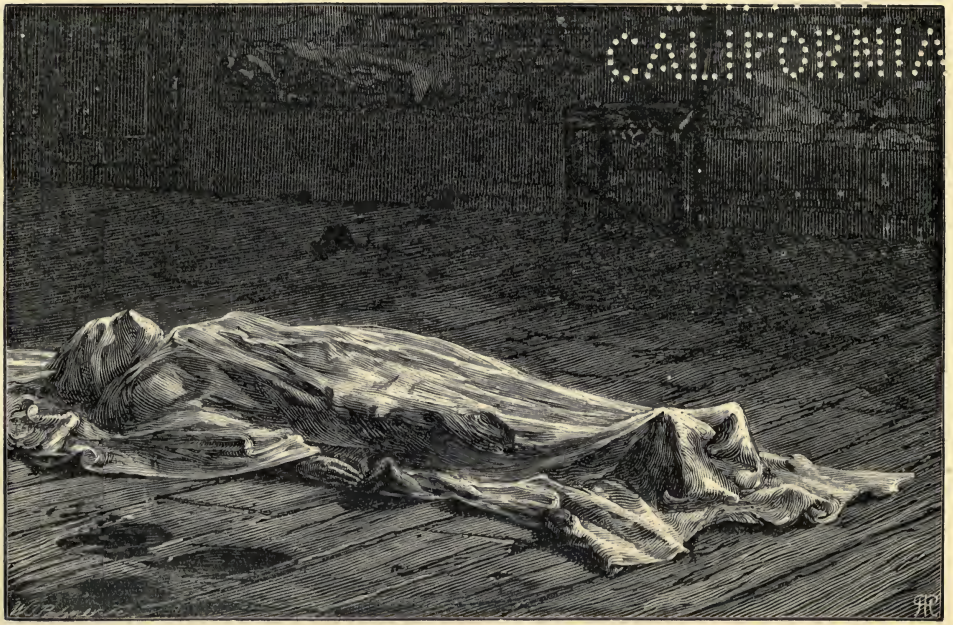
XV.

What pallid wretch comes next? His hands are red!
It is a tale of horror best unsaid.
Is that the hand? Is that the fatal knife?
Is that the body of a murdered wife?
Let fall the curtain! Close it! Let the shroud
Hide ghastly terror from a gasping crowd.
He beat her thrice within an inch of death:
The neighbours counselled 'Punish him!' But no!
She waited calmly for the latest blow.
It came, and with a panting, parting, breath,
She told the almost pardonable lie—
'It is not by my husband's hand I die.'

And so these neighbours found her: and they laid
The dead wife on the floor—there was no bed;
But a Samaritan had gently placed
A decent covering o'er the woman dead,
Through which dim outlines of a form were traced.
One of your 'licensed' friends who keeps the—Blank—
May tell you how much gin he daily drank,
And—for his memory is not dull nor dim—
He can give evidence how much he paid
To you of what the MURDERER paid him.

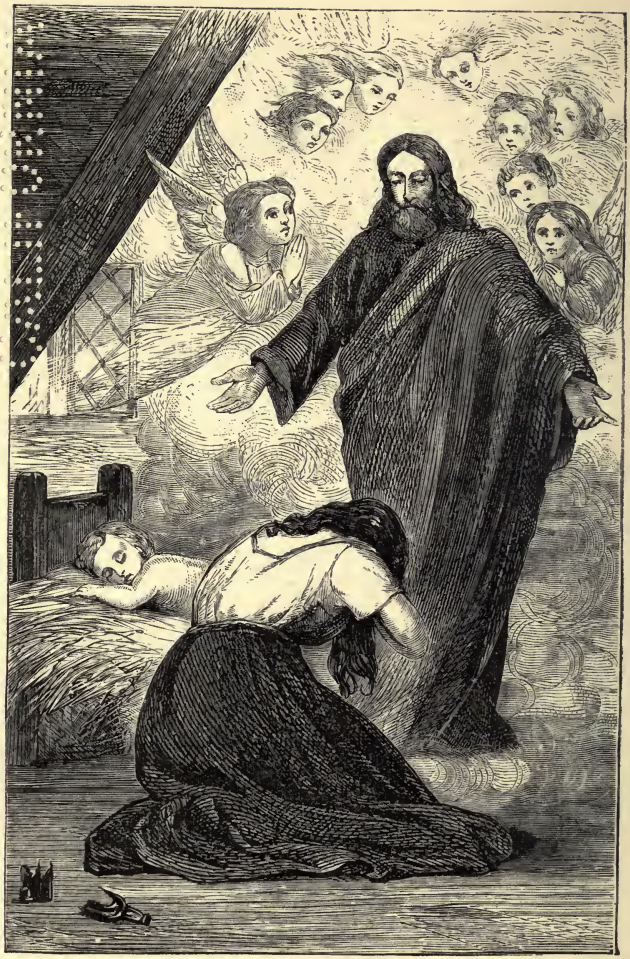
XVI.

Bring in that SINFUL WOMAN—lost to shame;
They do not call her: cannot tell her name;
That relic of the past remains—alone;
By an abhorrent 'nick-name' she is known.
A fierce virago is she. How she screams
As two policemen haul her into court,
Followed by hooting boys, who think it sport.
Little she knows or cares how she blasphemes.
Haggard and wild, of woman's charm no trace
Is seen in those blear'd eyes, that bloated face.
How she was brought to this, what need to tell?
'Tis an old tale how trusting woman fell.
Yet of the village she was once the pride:
Her yeoman father, sturdy as the oak,
Was with her mother soon, whose heart she broke:
And humbly prayerful for the sinner, died.
Without a hand to help, a lip to bless,
Shrinking with loathing from the foul caress,
Careless and heedless what may be her fate,



H. R. Robertson.] [W. J. Palmer.

"They laid the dead wife on the floor."



W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.] [G. P. Nicholls

'She may be welcomed by the Seraphim,
Where SINNERS-PENITENT find pardoning grace.'

What loathsome dung-heap her last bed may be,
Repentance, if it come, will come too late—
Too late for earth; but not too late for Him
Whose call is to the outcast—'Come to Me!'
She may be pure and beautiful again;
And, freed by pardoning mercy from all stain,
Again receive a parent's fond embrace;
She may be welcomed by the Seraphim,
Where SINNERS-PENITENT find pardoning grace.

XVII.

One other witness comes, but comes per-force;
Swearing and struggling, and, with bellowing, hoarse.
Lord Medway, from a party in Mayfair,
'Incapable,' with shaking head and hands,
Was staggering to his house in Belmont Square.
They drag his lordship into court, and there
Sir Jasper greets the owner of broad lands,
Yet shrugg'd his shoulders, murmuring, 'Only think,
The mob has seen a nobleman in drink!
That sin, disgusting, is no sin of mine;
The man is drunk—*I* did not make the wine!'

He might have said as much, when Lady Deign
Beat her small maid, who said she liked champagne,
And gave her two hours' warning on the spot:
As much, when Lady Josephine Le Blot
Let fall a lighted candle in the cot
Where slept her babe: and when the babe was dead,
'Twas 'accidental death' the Jury said:
As much, when Sir Augustus Hugh Fitznought
Home in a costermonger's cart was brought,

To put the night-lamp underneath his bed:
As much, when four fine boys of Countess Class
Were brought in with dessert, to have *their* glass;
And when, in after life, these boys became
Degraded sots, they traced to her their shame:
(The drunkard's children share the drunkard's curse:
Disease inherited—transmitted—nurse
A vicious nature in a vicious frame.)
As much, when Doctor Morte was drunk beside
His patient's bed—and so the patient died:
As much when, muddled Baron Jule la Coste
Staked his last guinea to Sir Rooke—and lost:
As much, when, homeward bound, Sir Joseph Beck
Fell from his horse's back and broke his neck:
As much, when Captain Sir Adolphus Brand
Was wreck'd, with half his crew, in sight of land.

But why extend the list? Take heart of grace,
Sir Jasper; yours is not the only case
Where 'social customs' sacrifice the soul;
You have your share, indeed, but not the whole.
All the foul crimes we lay not at your door;
You do not tempt your equals or your betters;
The poor—or those who are to be the poor—
'Low people' all—are they who are your debtors.

XVIII.

And, not content with sin and death at home,
We give the Demon scope and space to roam.
The means to sadden, sicken, and degrade,
Forms a huge item of our Export trade;

H. Anelay.] [Butterworth & Heath.

'And when the babe was dead,
'Twas 'accidental death' the jury said.'

D

N. Chevalier.] [J. & G. P. Nicholls.

'This happened in New Zealand: they had placed
A drunken Maori in the public stocks.'

Corrupting COLONIES, to make them pay
  The cost at which we keep them; rendering worse
  Than 'savages,' the savages we curse;
The aborigines, who, day by day,
Are dying out—and not by *slow* decay.
This happened in New Zealand: they had placed
  A drunken Maori in the public stocks,
Thus to reform the man they thus disgraced:
  Degrading him among his native rocks,
And in the sight of comrades, asked and taught
To love the men who sold the thing they bought.
He called the magistrate, and thus address'd
The organ of the Law: 'You find it best
To punish me for that I'm drunk: and think,
  It wise and just: oh! weak and foolish man!
  Ah! I can show you a far better plan:
Punish the man who made and sold the drink.'

But Britain from its duty dare not shrink:
  The counsel of that Maori may reach
  The Law-source: and our Legislators teach:
PUNISH THE MEN WHO MAKE AND SELL THE DRINK!

XIX.

There was a hubbub in the Court, a cry
For justice, as more witnesses drew nigh:
Fierce shouts of execration—'Let him die!'
And 'blood for blood!' were words that met his ear.
What marvel if, impell'd by selfish fear,
He left the scene of mingled grief and crime
And sought a back-door exit—just in time.

XX.

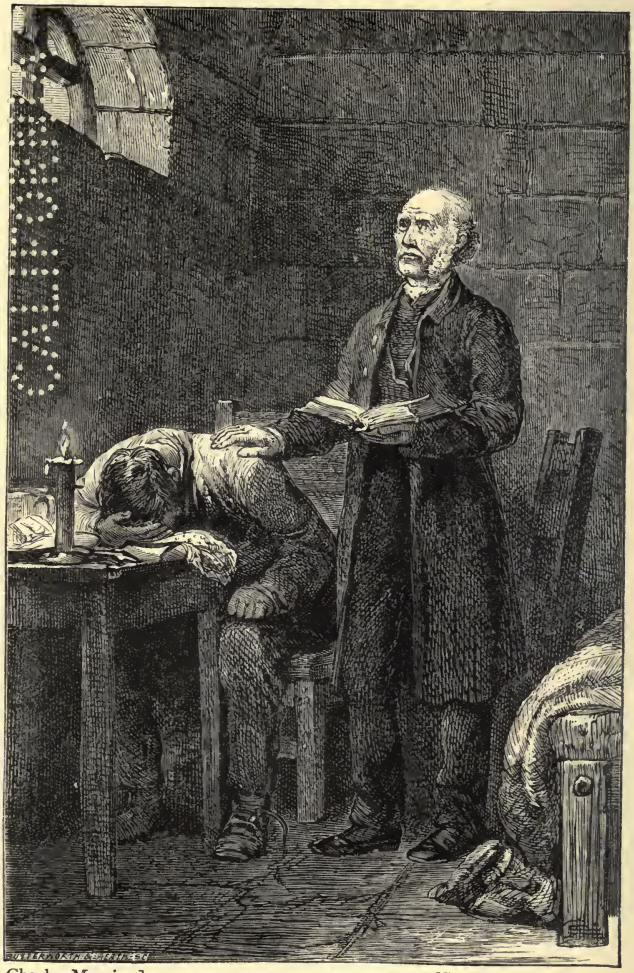
He slunk away—'twas evening, but not night—
And pass'd a stuccoed palace, full of light;
He did not enter, only peer'd within;
But saw the men who bought and drank his gin;
Round a gay garnished counter saw the throng:
Drunk were they all, or to be drunk ere long.
  The portly landlord gossiped with the crowd,
  The merry barmaid smirked and smiled and bowed,
  And madam's voice was harmony, though loud.

But who are they that through the window peep,
  Scenting the 'luxuries' they do not share?
The women who should be at home, asleep,
  For surely they can have no business there.
Some are the very young, some very old,
Huddled for warmth, yet shivering from the cold.
  These are the sisters, mothers, daughters, wives,
Hopeful—yet doubtful—all may not be spent
Of the week's wages, for the weekly rent—
Surely the reckless reprobates will keep
  Some little part to save the children's lives!

All silent—few among them dare to speak:
Away, Sir Jasper; hear that horrid shriek!
Such sounds are nothings—from the low and mean;
'Tis but a hungry woman, who has seen
The miserable husband gulping down
Her cherished 'pet of pets,' her Sunday gown.
Even yet more audible is that deep sob,
So deep, it gives a shudder to the mob:
For sure a heart broke with it: was that strange?
A wretched drunkard offers in exchange

E. Sherard Kennedy.] [Butterworth & Heath

'The Artist saw this scene in London Square,
One night of snow, or nearer early morning.'



Charles Mercier.] [Butterworth & Heath.

'ENTER THE PRISON: see the good man there,
Who from the death-doomed sinner drives despair.

For one poor poison-cup, the Sacred Word!
Her Bible, her dear mother's parting gift,
The produce of long days of hoarded thrift.
'Twas her last household god! she saw and heard!

XXI.

Sir Jasper, more examples do you need?
Read the day's Paper: shudder as you read:
You will, if you are human: hear the call
To 'writers,' 'talkers,' 'preachers,' 'workers,'—all!
What Authors cannot do, the ARTISTS may:
Laws avail little: words are but a breath:
But ART can scare your victims from the way
That leads to death—here-and-hereafter-death!

XXII.

Enter THE PRISON: see the good man there,
Who from the death-doomed sinner drives despair:
God's messenger is he who brings THE WORD:
In that dark, dreary, chamber read and heard.
Many such holy workers give us light:
And of the foremost ranks the name of WRIGHT.

Among those men of God, shall we forget
The venerated PRIEST who liveth yet:
Liveth to be a Warning and a Guide:
For such men never die: no need to name
Him to whom IRELAND owes a mighty debt:
And though the seed fell but on stony ground,
After long years, the harvest will be found:
For what was once a glory and a pride,
Under his blessed influence, became
A degradation, a reproach, a shame.

XXIII.

The Artist saw this scene in London Square,
One night of snow, or nearer early morning:
The man had died, where he had fallen—there:
Leave ART to tell the tale and give the warning.

XXIV.

And this: what seeks the child? what brings her near?
'Looking for father,' *that* the artist saw;
And *that* some guiding spirit bade him draw.
What need of words? said we not well that Art
May take the Poet's or the Preacher's part,
And teach to mind and heart and eye and ear?

XXV.

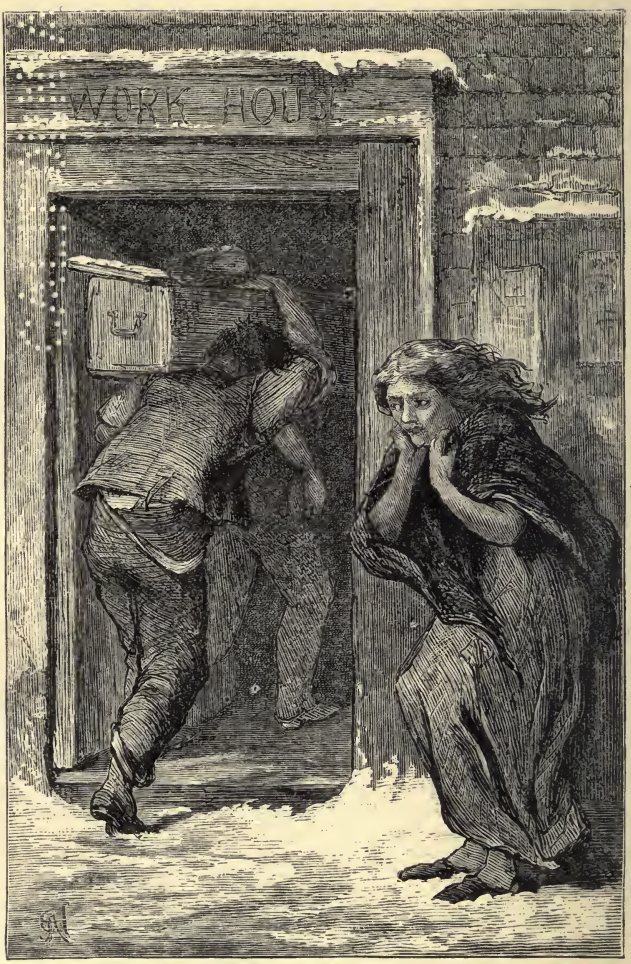
Can you not guess what these pool-bubbles mean,
Though of the self-drowned woman nought is seen?

XXVI.

Sir Jasper, you may come another day
To see the drunkard's 'HOME'—'tis on your way.
Be careful as you mount the dangerous stair.
The broken window shows one broken chair:
Not worth a penny or 'twould not be there.
The filthy floor gives rest without repose,
Imprisoned vapours in the stead of air:
Though chill and bitterly the bleak wind blows,
And rain drips through the roof; and though the wall
Is black and slimy: yet the vermin crawl
Throughout the dull and dark and dismal room,
Where gin-rot brings its deepest depth of gloom

E. M. Wimperis.] [W. J. Palmer.

'Can you not guess what these pool-bubbles mean,
Though of the self-drowned woman nought is seen?'



Alfred Elmore, R.A.] [F. Wentworth.

'Where are his wife and children—both he had?
Go ask the parish paupers: one is mad.'

Look at the wretch who lies upon the floor:
His only coat is thin—too meanly poor—
A rag—to bring the drunkard one drop more.
No food—no, not a scrap;—the life he led
Destroys the appetite for meat and bread.
No blanket—needing none—he has no bed—
  It was exchanged for gin, ay, long ago:
No pillow, even of straw, to raise his head;
  Among the very lowest, very low!

Where are his wife and children—both he had?
Go ask the parish paupers: one is mad.
The children, pariahs, crawling 'home,' at night,
To crave the 'Refuge' shelter—warmth and light!
'Full!' There are many hundred children more
Who shrink and shiver round the closéd door.
So—frightened when the street police are met—
They huddle under arches from the wet;
Bad as they are they are not thieves—as yet!

XXVII.

Contrast this picture with the HOME where lives
The man who knows the blessings TEMPERANCE gives:
He earns his living and can pay his way,
Yet still keep something for a rainy day.
His labour done, he gaily gathers up
  His tools, makes entry of a finished job,
Thinks, with a relish, of the fragrant cup,
  And hears the kettle singing on the hob,
Knowing the well-stored cupboard is 'all right'
To satisfy a wholesome appetite.

While he was toiling, she had done her part;
His counsellor, companion, friend, and wife,
The sharer of his joys, and cares, in life.
All is prepared—a welcome of the heart.
Order prevails within, the floor is swept,
And all things cleanly, neatly, nicely, kept.
Suggestive prints adorn the paper'd walls,
Precious as priceless gems to lordly halls;
And a few bits of only common delf
Are heir-loom graces of the mantel-shelf.
The children are in bed, 'tuck'd in' and warm—
Little they heed the pelting rain and storm.
They've said their evening hymn and prayer, and sleep:
While guardian angels watch and ward will keep.
Young as they are, 'twould make them sad to miss
The father's blessing and the mother's kiss.
The supper over, now they sit and chat,
Companioned only by the well-fed cat.
With cheerful mind that gives the happy look,
He reads some pleasant and instructive book—
One of the cherished prides of his small stock—
(For every printed word becomes a seed
That, planted, *must* spring up—a flower or weed—
And he who writes may write what millions read:)
While the wife, listening, mends the baby's frock.
Early to bed, with no corroding care,
They go—but not without Thanksgiving Prayer.

XXVIII.

Such is the MODEL WORKMAN; many such,
Whose labour is their staff, and not their crutch,

J. Morgan.] [F. Wentworth.

'"Full!" There are many hundred children more
Who shrink and shiver round the closed door.'

W. Cave Thomas.] [F. Wentworth.

'No better men when sober: drunk, none worse.'

Thank God, there are, as there have always been,
Loyal and true to Country and to Queen.
Mindful and careful of a needing brother,
And the *eleventh* commandment, 'love each other!'
  Avoiding public wrangle, private strife;
Knowing employers and employed alike
Must prosper, he condemns and hates 'the strike.'
  Strikes! the fell upas-trees of social life.
They grow, trade withers, enterprise is dead;
All strikes—BY WHICH THE HANDS DIRECT THE HEAD.
'Live and let live,' his cherished motto, makes
  Easy his load, and smooths and clears his way:
He asks no more than what he gives and takes—
  'A fair day's labour for a fair day's pay.'
He shuns 'the Park,' where rogues and rascals scheme,
Where 'licensed' atheists drivel and blaspheme,
Making God's Word a theme for brutal jest,
Busied to desecrate the Day of Rest.
Such lures are not for him. To Church he goes,
For hallowed thought and sanctified repose:
  To any church—it little matters where,
  Or by what name—if God is worshipp'd there,
  And souls are strengthened and refreshed by Prayer.
His gift is but a very common gift:
Forethought for self and others; liberal thrift!
The charity that will not wildly roam;
The charity that does not *stay* at home.
  He squanders nothing, nothing leaves to chance,
But prays, and trusts, and knows that God will bless
The Heaven-directed source of all success,
  The mainspring of his guidance—TEMPERANCE!

The Member chosen by his native place
Was but a workman once. You still may trace
The signs of labour on his sinewy hand.
The Peer who ranks the loftiest in the land
Has swept his father's shop; nor thinks it shame
To tell his fellow-lordships whence he came.

Are cases such as these, in England, rare,
Of men who rise to rank, by toil and care?
Self-taught, self-trained, self-disciplined—self-made:
Esteemed, respected—gentlemen in trade.
What hinders *him* from rising as *they* rose
To share the many blessings Toil bestows?

XXIX.

SPIRIT OF TEMPERANCE! Hail! what mighty things—
High boons to Soul and Body—TEMPERANCE brings!

Your work may be to bring considerate thought
  To humbler toilers in the hive of men:
Yet take refreshing draughts to brains o'erwrought,
  To care-worn, heart-sick, soldiers of the pen.
A mother mourning o'er a child departed:
  Or worse, pursuing evil ways in life:—
You may take comfort to the broken-hearted,
  And rescue the weak struggler in the strife.
To the repenting, or repentant, sinner
  You may bring light, and bid his terror cease:
Some fallen sister you may seek, and win her
  Into the pleasant paths of hope and peace.
You may dispel from shallow doubters doubt,—
  Chaos, to which is said, 'Let there be light!'
And guide the sceptic as he gropes about
  In darkness, dreaming of an endless night,

F. D. Hardy.] [Butterworth & Heath.

'"Looking for father," *that* the artist saw ;
And *that* some guiding spirit bade him draw.'

Mrs. E. M. Ward.] [Jewitt & Keates.

'They've said their evening hymn and prayer, and sleep:
While guardian angels watch and ward will keep.'

Where Poverty and Want are tempters; where
  Vice hath no check from Comfort: none to teach;
Where self-inflicted sorrows bring despair,—
  Your Lord may let your soothing influence reach
Where more resistless tempters triumph—worse
  Than want and poverty—you may be nigh:
When plethora of gold creates a curse,
  And wealth demands what riches cannot buy.
You may help those who help themselves—whose prayer
  Is for GOD-AIDED efforts: who, believing
In SELF-HELP, greatly think and grandly dare;
  And those more blest in giving than receiving:
Whose Charity revives like sun-lit dew:
  And adds to bread the health-boon of the leaven:
Happy in making happy: ah! how few
  Enjoy on earth the chiefest joy in Heaven.

Your task it is to lead the soul to God!
Teaching to bless His staff and kiss His rod!

XXX.

SUMMON, ONCE MORE, SIR JASPER!
                You have seen
The things that are, will be, and long have been:
The issues of vice-traffic. Does it pay
The searéd conscience? Is the sin condoned,
Because the retribution is postponed,
And Justice gives Repentance 'a long day?'

Accused! You are ACQUITTED! Go your way!
No human law can reach you; murders done
As you do yours—the penalties are none!

Go, and be happy if you may, or can.
But had you killed a single fellow-man
By open violence, or by subtle craft,
Or by another kind of poison-draught,
You would have hung at Newgate for that ONE.

But think you that your case is ended here?
That in no after Court you need appear?
That when the Accusing Angel serves his writ,
You've but to plead your '*autrefois acquit?*'
No! for your victims will appeal to Him
Who sits enthroned above the Seraphim—
For justice—not in darkness but in light!

Sir Jasper, will you grudge
These victims their inalienable right
To change the venue—and be tried elsewhere?
They will be witnesses, accepted, there—
WHERE GOD WILL BE THE JUDGE!

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